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ALL'S WELL!"

JOHN OXENHAM



"ALL'S WELL!"

BY
JOHN OXENHAM
AUTHOR OF "BEES IN AMBER," ETC.



THE YOUNG



"ALL'S WELL!"

JOHN OXENHAM



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TO
MY SON HUGO
2ND LIEUT. ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

TO
ALL HIS COMRADES IN ARMS
ON LAND AND ON SEA
AND TO
ALL SORELY-TRIED HEARTS
AT HOME AND ELSEWHERE
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED
IN PROFOUNDTEST ADMIRATION,
IN MOST LOVING SYMPATHY,
AND IN PERFECT ASSURANCE
THAT SINCE GOD IS,
RIGHT MUST WIN
AND THE FUTURE WILL BE
BETTER THAN THE PAST

FOREWORD

FOREWORD

For those who were chiefly in my heart when these verses came to me from time to time—our men and boys at the Front, and those they leave behind them in grievous sorrow and anxiety at home—my little message is that, so far as they are concerned—"ALL'S WELL!"

Those who have so nobly responded to the Call, and those who, with quiet faces and breaking hearts, have so bravely bidden them "God speed!"—with these, All is truly Well, for they are equally giving their best to what, in this case, we most of us devoutly believe to be the service of God and humanity.

War is red horror. But, better war than the utter crushing-out of liberty and civilisation under the heel of Prussian or *any other* militarism.

Germany has avowedly outmarched Christianity and left it in the rear, along with its outclassed guns and higher ideals of, say, 1870, its honour, its humanity, and all the other lumber, useless to an absolutely materialistic people whose only object is to win the world even at the price of its soul.

The world is witnessing with abhorrence the

FOREWORD

results, and, we may surely hope, learning therefrom The Final Lesson for its own future guidance.

The war-cloud still hangs over us—as I write, but, grim as it is, there are not lacking gleams of its silver linings. If war brings out the very worst in human nature it offers opportunity also for the display of the very best. And, thank God, proofs of this are not wanting among us, and it is better to let one's thought range the light rather than the darkness.

What the future holds for us no man may safely say. Mighty changes without a doubt. May they all be for the better! But if that is to be it must be the work of every one amongst us. In this, as in everything else, each one of us helps or hinders, makes or mars.

If, in some of these verses, I have endeavoured to strike a note of warning, it is because the times, and the times that are coming, call for it. May it be heeded!

That the end of the present world-strife must and will mark also the end of the most monstrous tyranny and the most hideous conception of "Kultur" the world has ever seen, no man for one moment doubts.

But that is not an end but a beginning. Unless on the ashes of the past we build to nobler pur-

FOREWORD

pose, all our gallant dead will have been thrown away, all this gigantic effort, with all its inevitable horror and loss, will have been in vain.

It rests with each one among us to say that that shall not be,—that the future shall repair the past,—that out of this holocaust of death shall come new life.

It behoves every one of us, each in his and her own sphere, and each in his and her own way, to strive with heart and soul for that mighty end.

JOHN OXENHAM.



CONTENTS

CONTENTS

PART ONE: "ALL'S WELL!"

	PAGE
GOD IS	19
WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT? .	20
FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT . . .	23
IN TIME OF NEED	25
CHRISTS ALL!	26
THE CROSS STILL STANDS!	29
WHERE ARE YOU SLEEPING TO-NIGHT, MY LAD?	32
BE QUIET!	34
TO YOU WHO HAVE LOST	35
LORD, SAVE THEIR SOULS ALIVE! . .	37
THE ALABASTER BOX	39
WHITE BROTHER	40
A LITTLE TE DEUM FOR THESE TIMES .	43
THY WILL BE DONE!	44
DIES IRÆ—DIES PACIS	46
JUDGMENT DAY	48
THE HIGH THINGS	49
THE EMPTY CHAIR	51
ROAD-MATES	53
ALPHA—OMEGA	55
HAIL!—AND FAREWELL!	57

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A SILENT TE DEUM	58
THE NAMELESS GRAVES	60
BLINDED!	62
SAID THE WOUNDED ONE:—	64
OUR SHARE	65
POLICEMAN X.—EPILOGUE, 1914	66
THE MEETING-PLACE	72
VICTORY DAY	75
WHEN HE TRIES THE HEARTS OF MEN	80
POISON-SEEDS	81
THE WAR-MAKERS	82
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?	84
GOD'S HANDWRITING	85

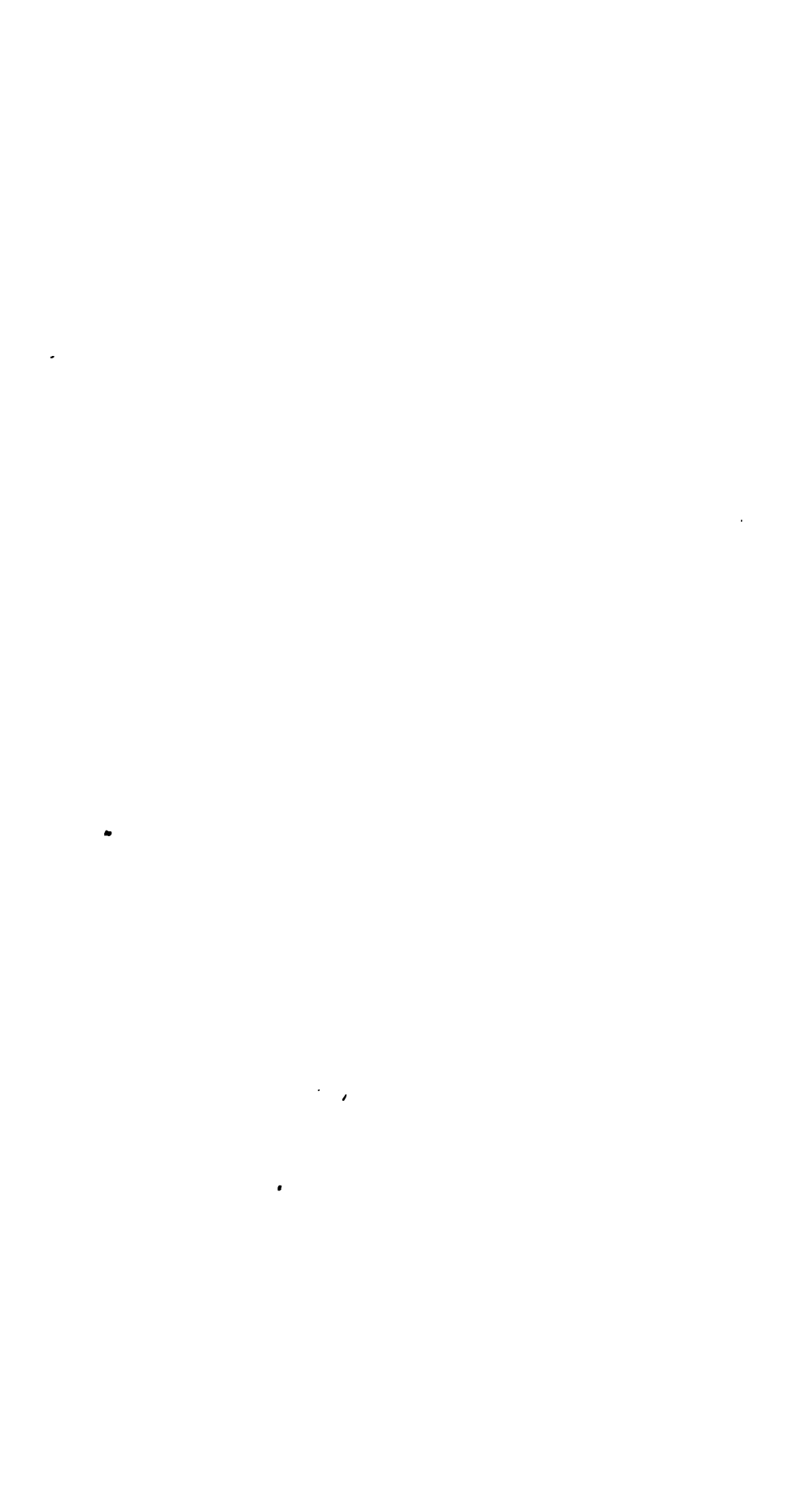
PART TWO: THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE KING'S HIGH WAY	89
THE WAYS	91
AD FINEM	92
EVENING BRINGS US HOME	94
THE REAPER	98
NO MAN GOETH ALONE	100
ROSEMARY	102
EASTER SUNDAY, 1916	104
THE CHILD OF THE MAID	107
WASTED?	110
SHORTENED LIVES	111
LAGGARD SPRING	112

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LONELY BROTHER	114
COMFORT YE!	115
S. ELIZABETH'S LEPER	117
VOX CLAMANTIS	119
FLORA'S BIT	122
RED BREAST	127
OUR HEARTS FOR YOU	129
THE BURDENED ASS	131
WINNERS OR LOSERS?	137
CHRIST AT THE BAR	139
MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?	141
A TELEPHONE MESSAGE	144
THE STARS' ACCUSAL	148
NO PEACE BUT A RIGHT PEACE	151
IN CHURCH. 1916.	153
TE DEUM	157
THROUGH ME ONLY	158
PRINCE OF PEACE	160
THE WINNOWING	162
TO THIS END	164

PART ONE: "ALL'S WELL!"



GOD IS

God is;
God sees;
God loves;
God knows.

And Right is Right;
And Right is Might.

In the full ripeness of His Time,
All these His vast prepotencies
Shall round their grace-work to the prime
Of full accomplishment,
And we shall see the plan sublime
Of His beneficent intent.
Live on in hope!
Press on in faith!
Love conquers all things,
Even Death.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Watchman! What of the night?
No light we see,—
Our souls are bruised and sickened with the
sight
Of this foul crime against humanity.
The Ways are dark——
"I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT!"

—The Ways are dark;
Faith folds her wings; and Hope, in pite-
ous plight,
Has dimmed her radiant lamp to feeblest
spark.
Love bleeding lies——
"I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT!"

—Love bleeding lies,
Struck down by this grim fury of despight,
Which once again her Master crucifies.
He dies again——
"I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT!"
[20]

"ALL'S WELL!"

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT? (continued)

—He dies again,
By evil slain! Who died for man's respite
By man's insensate rage again is slain.
O woful sight!——

"I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT!

—Beyond the war-clouds and the reddened
ways,

I see the Promise of the Coming Days!
I see His Sun arise, new-charged with grace
Earth's tears to dry and all her woes
efface!

Christ lives! Christ loves! Christ rules!
No more shall Might,
Though leagued with all the Forces of the
Night,

Ride over Right. No more shall Wrong
The world's gross agonies prolong.

Who waits His Time shall surely see
The triumph of His Constancy;—

When, without let, or bar, or stay,
The coming of His Perfect Day

Shall sweep the Powers of Night away;—

"ALL'S WELL!"

**WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT? (con-
tinued)**

**And Faith, replumed for nobler flight,
And Hope, aglow with radiance bright,
And Love, in loveliness bedight,
SHALL GREET THE MORNING LIGHT!"**

FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy Will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.

Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When Death flies swift on wave or field,
Be Thou a sure defence and shield!
Console and succour those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!

O, hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes!

For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony—
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!
O, hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

[Five million copies of this hymn have been sold and the profits given to the various Funds for the Wounded. It is now being sung all round the world.]

FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT (continued)

For those to whom the call shall come
We pray Thy tender welcome home.
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy Love at last.
 O, hear a people's prayers for all
 Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

To every stricken heart and home,
O, come! In tenderest pity, come!
To anxious souls who wait in fear,
Be Thou most wonderfully near!
 And hear a people's prayers, for faith
 To quicken life and conquer death!

For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.
 And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
 Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end!

IN TIME OF NEED

Better than I,
Thou knowest, Lord,
All my necessity,
And with a word
Thou canst it all supply.
Help other is there none
Save Thee alone;
Without Thee I'm undone.
And so, to Thee I cry,—
O, be Thou nigh!
For, better far than I,
Thou knowest, Lord,
All my necessity.

CHRISTS ALL!

Our Boys Who Have Gone to the Front

(*"Be christs!"—was one of W. T. Stead's favourite sayings. Not "Be like Christ!"—but—"Be christs!" And he used the word no doubt in its original meaning,—anointed, ordained, chosen. As such we, whose boys have gone to the Front, think of them. For they have gone, most of them, from a simple, high sense of duty, and in many cases under direst feeling of personal repulsion against the whole ghastly business. They have sacrificed everything, knowing full well that many of them will never return to us.*)

Ye are all christs in this your self-surrender,—
True sons of God in seeking not your own.
Yours now the hardships,—yours shall be the
splendour
Of the Great Triumph and THE KING'S "Well
done!"

"ALL'S WELL!"

CHRISTS ALL! (continued)

Yours these rough Calvaries of high endeavour,—

Flame of the trench, and foam of wintry seas.
Nor Pain, nor Death, nor aught that is can sever
You from the Love that bears you on His knees.

Yes, you are christs, if less at times your seeming,—

Christ walks the earth in many a simple guise.
We know you christs, when, in your souls' redeeming,

The Christ-light blazes in your steadfast eyes.

Here—or hereafter, you shall see it ended,—
This mighty work to which your souls are set.
If from beyond—then, with the vision splendid,
You shall smile back and never know regret.

Or soon, or late, for each—the Life Immortal!
And not for us to choose the How or When.
Or late, or soon,—what matter?—since the Portal

Leads but to glories passing mortal ken.

"ALL'S WELL!"

CHRISTS ALL! (continued)

**O Lads! Dear Lads! Our christs of God's
anointing!**

**Press on in hope! Your faith and courage prove!
Pass—by these High Ways of the Lord's appoint-
ing!**

You cannot pass beyond our boundless love.

THE CROSS STILL STANDS!

("In the evening I went for a walk to a village lately shelled by German heavy guns. Their effect was awful—ghastly. It was impossible to imagine the amount of damage done until one really saw it. The church was terrible too. The spire was sticking upside down in the ground a short distance from the door. The church itself was a mass of debris. Scarcely anything was left unhit. In the churchyard again the destruction was terrific—tombstones thrown all over the place. But the most noticeable thing of all was that the three Crucifixes—one inside and two outside—were untouched! How they can have avoided the shelling is quite beyond me. It was a wonderful sight though an awful one. There were holes in the churchyard about fifteen feet across."—From a letter from my boy at the Front.)

The churchyard stones all blasted into shreds,
The dead re-slain within their lowly beds,—

THE CROSS STILL STANDS!

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE CROSS STILL STANDS! (continued)

His holy ground all cratered and crevassed,
All flailed to fragments by the fiery blast,—
THE CROSS STILL STANDS!

His church a blackened ruin, scarce one stone
Left on another,—yet, untouched alone,—
THE CROSS STILL STANDS!

His shrines o'erthrown, His altars desecrate,
His priests the victims of a pagan hate,—
THE CROSS STILL STANDS!

'Mid all the horrors of the reddened ways,
The thund'rous nights, the dark and dreadful
days,—
THE CROSS STILL STANDS!

.

And, 'mid the chaos of the Deadlier Strife,—
A Church at odds with its own self and life,—
HIS CROSS STILL STANDS!

Faith folds her wings, and Hope at times grows
dim;
The world goes wandering away from Him;—
HIS CROSS STILL STANDS!

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE CROSS STILL STANDS! (continued)

Love, with the lifted hands and thorn-crowned
head,

Still conquers Death, though life itself be fled;—
His CROSS STILL STANDS!

Yes,—Love triumphant stands, and stands for
more,

In our great need, than e'er it stood before!
His CROSS STILL STANDS!

WHERE ARE YOU SLEEPING TO-NIGHT,
MY LAD?

Where are you sleeping to-night, My Lad,
Above-ground—or below?
The last we heard you were up at the front,
Holding a trench and bearing the brunt;—
But—that was a week ago.

Ay!—that was a week ago, Dear Lad,
And a week is a long, long time,
When a second's enough, in the thick of the strife,
To sever the thread of the bravest life,
And end it in its prime.

Oh, a week is long when so little's enough
To send a man below.
It may be that while we named your name
The bullet sped and the quick end came,—
And the rest we shall never know.

But this we know, Dear Lad,—all's well
With the man who has done his best.

"ALL'S WELL!"

**WHERE ARE YOU SLEEPING TO-NIGHT, MY
LAD? (continued)**

**And whether he live, or whether he die,
He is sacred high in our memory;—
And to God we can leave the rest.**

**So—wherever you're sleeping to-night, Dear Lad,
This one thing we do know,—
When "Last Post" sounds, and He makes His
rounds,
Not one of you all will be out of bounds,
Above ground or below.**

BE QUIET!

Soul, dost thou fear
For to-day or to-morrow?
'Tis the part of a fool
To go seeking sorrow.
Of thine own doing
Thou canst not contrive them.
'Tis He that shall give them;
Thou may'st not outlive them.
So why cloud to-day
With fear of the sorrow,
That may or may not
Come to-morrow?

TO YOU WHO HAVE LOST

I know! I know!—
The ceaseless ache, the emptiness, the woe,—
The pang of loss,—
The strength that sinks beneath so sore a cross.
 *"—Heedless and careless, still the world wags
 on,
 And leaves me broken . . . Oh, my son!
 my son!"*

Yet—think of this!—
Yea, rather think on this!—
He died as few men get the chance to die,—
Fighting to save a world's morality.
He died the noblest death a man may die,
Fighting for God, and Right, and Liberty;—
And such a death is Immortality.

"He died unnoticed in the muddy trench."
Nay,—God was with him, and he did not blench;
Filled him with holy fires that nought could
 quench,

"ALL'S WELL!"

TO YOU WHO HAVE LOST (continued)

And when He saw his work below was done,
He gently called to him,—*"My son! My son!*
I need thee for a greater work than this.
Thy faith, thy zeal, thy fine activities
Are worthy of My larger liberties;"—
—Then drew him with the hand of welcoming
 grace,
And, side by side, they climbed the heavenly ways.

LORD, SAVE THEIR SOULS ALIVE!

Lord, save their souls alive!
And—for the rest,—
We leave it all to Thee;
Thou knowest best.

Whether they live or die,
Safely they'll rest,
Every true soul of them,
Thy Chosen Guest.

Whether they live or die,
They chose the best,
They sprang to Duty's call,
They stood the test.

If they come back to us—
How grateful we!
If not,—we may not grieve;
They are with Thee.

No soul of them shall fail,
Whate'er the past.

"ALL'S WELL!"

LORD, SAVE THEIR SOULS ALIVE! (continued)

Who dies for Thee and Thine
Wins Thee at last.

Who, through the fiery gates,
Enter Thy rest,
Greet them as conquerors,—
Bravest and best!

Every white soul of them,
Ransomed and blest,—
Wear them as living gems,
Bear them as living flames,
High on Thy breast!

THE ALABASTER BOX

The spikenard was not wasted;—
All down the tale of years,
The fragrance of that broken alabaster
Still clings to Mary's memory,
As clung its perfume sweet unto her Master.

Not less than Martha,
Mary served her Lord,
Although she but sat worshipping,
While Martha spread the board.

They also minister to Christ,
And render noblest duty,
Whose sweet hands touch life's common rounds
To Fragrance and to Beauty.

WHITE BROTHER

Midway between the flaming lines he lay,
A tumbled heap of blood, and sweat, and clay;
—God's son!

And none could succour him. First this one tried,
Then that . . . and then another . . . and they
died;
—God's sons!

Those others saw his plight, and laughed and
jeered,
And, at each helper's fall, laughed more, and
cheered;
—God's sons?

So, through the torture of an endless day,
In agonies that none could ease, he lay;
—God's son!

Then, as he wrestled for each hard-won breath,
Bleeding his life out, craving only death;—
—God's son!

"ALL'S WELL!"

WHITE BROTHER (continued)

—Came One in white, athwart the fiery hail,
And in His hand, a shining cup—The Grail;
—God's Son!

He knelt beside him on the reeking ground,
And with a touch soothed each hot-throbbing
wound;
—God's Son!

Gave him to drink, and in his failing ear
Whispered sweet words of comfort and good
cheer;
—God's Son!

The suffering one looked up into the face
Of Him whose death to sinners brought God's
grace;
—God's Son!

The tender brow with unhealed wounds was
scarred,
The hand that held The Cup, the nails had
marred;
—God's Son!

WHITE BROTHER (continued)

"Brother, for thee I suffered greater woes;
As I forgave,—do thou forgive thy foes,
—God's son!"

"Yea, Lord, as Thou forgavest, I forgive;
And now, my soul unto Thyself receive,
—God's Son!"

Thick-clustered in the battered trench, amazed,
They gazed at that strange sight . . . and gazed
. . . and gazed;
—God's sons!

—The Christ of God, come down to succour one
Of their own number,—their own mate—
—God's son!

And none who saw that sight will e'er forget
How once, upon the field of death, they met
—God's Son.

A LITTLE TE DEUM FOR THESE
TIMES

We thank Thee, Lord,
For mercies manifold in these dark days;—
For Heart of Grace that would not suffer wrong;
For all the stirrings in the dead dry bones;
For bold self-steeling to the times' dread needs;
For every sacrifice of self to Thee;
For ease and wealth and life so freely given;
For Thy deep sounding of the hearts of men;
For Thy great opening of the hearts of men;
For Thy close-knit of the hearts of men;
For all who sprang to answer the great call;
For their high courage and self-sacrifice;
For their endurance under deadly stress;
For all the unknown heroes who have died
To keep the land inviolate and free;
For all who come back from the Gates of Death;
For all who pass to larger life with Thee,
And find in Thee the wider liberty;
For hope of Righteous and Enduring Peace;
For hope of cleaner earth and closer heaven;
With burdened hearts, but faith unquenchable,—

We thank Thee, Lord!

THY WILL BE DONE!

"Thy Will be done!"

Let all the worlds

Resound with that divinest prayer!

The joyous souls redeemed from ill

Know all the wonders of Thy Will;

Heaven's highest bliss is surely this,—

"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

"Thy Will be done!"

'Tis not Thy Will

That Sin or Sorrow rule the world.

Thy Will is Joy, and Hope, and Light;

Thy Will is All-Triumphant Right.

And so, exultantly, we cry,—

"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

"Thy Will be done!"

It is Thy Will

That all Life's wrongs should be redressed;

That burdened souls their bonds should break;

That Earth of Heavenly Joys partake.

And so, right wistfully, we cry,—

"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

"ALL'S WELL!"

THY WILL BE DONE! (continued)

"Thy Will be done!"

'Tis not Thy Will

That man should kiss a chastening rod;

But, heart abrim, and head to heaven,

Should praise his God for mercies given,

And ever cry right joyously,—

"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

"Thy Will be done!"

It is Thy Will

That Life should seek its golden prime,—

That strife 'twixt man and man should cease,—

That all Thy sons should build Thy peace.

And so, full longingly, we cry,—

"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

"Thy Will be done!"

Then Earth were Heaven,

If but Thy gracious Will prevailed;

If every will that worketh ill

Would bend to Thine, and Thine fulfil,

And with us pray,—*"Bring in Thy Day!*

Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

DIES IRÆ—DIES PACIS

(As earnestly as any I crave the victory of Right over this madness of Insensate Might against which we are contending. As certainly as any I would, if that were conceivably possible, have adequate punishment meted out to those who have brought this horror upon the world. But I see, as all save the utterly earth-blinded must see—that when the Day of Settlement comes, and we and our allies are in a position to impose terms, unless we go into the Council-Chamber with hearts set inflexibly on the Common Weal of the World—in a word, unless we invite Christ to a seat at the Board—the end may be even worse than the beginning;—this which we have hoped and prayed might be the final war may prove but the beginning of strifes incredible.)

"Only through Me!" . . . The clear, high call comes pealing,

Above the thunders of the battle-plain;—

"Only through Me can Life's red wounds find healing;

Only through Me shall Earth have peace again.

"ALL'S WELL!"

DIES IRÆ—DIES PACIS (continued)

Only through Me! . . . Love's Might, all might
transcending,
Alone can draw the poison-fangs of Hate.

Yours the beginning!—Mine a nobler ending,—
Peace upon Earth, and Man regenerate!

Only through Me can come the great awaking;
Wrong cannot right the wrongs that Wrong hath
done;

Only through Me, all other gods forsaking,
Can ye attain the heights that must be won.

Only through Me shall Victory be sounded;
Only through Me can Right wield righteous
sword;

Only through Me shall Peace be surely founded;
Only through Me! . . . *Then bid Me to the
Board!"*

.

*Can we not rise to such great height of glory?
Shall this vast sorrow spend itself in vain?
Shall future ages tell the woful story,—
"Christ by His own was crucified again"?*

"ALL'S WELL!"

JUDGMENT DAY

**The nations are in the proving;
Each day is Judgment Day;
And the peoples He finds wanting
Shall pass—by the Shadowy Way.**

THE HIGH THINGS

The Greatest Day that ever dawned,—
It was a Winter's Morn.

The Finest Temple ever built
Was a Shed where a Babe was born.

The Sweetest Robes by woman wrought
Were the Swaths by the Baby worn.

And the Fairest Hair the world has seen,
—Those Locks that were never shorn.

The Noblest Crown man ever wore,—
It was the Plaited Thorn.

The Grandest Death man ever died,—
It was the Death of Scorn.

The Sorest Grief by woman known
Was the Mother-Maid's forlorn.

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE HIGH THINGS (continued)

**The Deepest Sorrows e'er endured
Were by The Outcast borne.**

**The Truest Heart the world e'er broke
Was the Heart by man's sins torn.**

THE EMPTY CHAIR

Wherever is an empty chair—
 Lord, be Thou there!
And fill it—like an answered prayer—
With grace of fragrant thought, and rare
Sweet memories of him whose place
Thou takest for a little space!—
—With thought of that heroical
Great heart that sprang to Duty's call;
—With thought of all the best in him,
That Time shall have no power to dim;
—With thought of Duty nobly done,
And High Eternal Welfare won.

Think! Would you wish that he had stayed,
When all the rest The Call obeyed?
—That thought of self had held in thrall
His soul, and shrunk it mean and small?

Nay, rather thank the Lord that he
Rose to such height of chivalry;
—That, with the need, his loyal soul
Swung like a needle to its pole;

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE EMPTY CHAIR (continued)

—That, setting duty first, he went
At once, as to a sacrament.

So, Lord, we thank Thee for Thy Grace,
And pray Thee fill his vacant place!

ROAD-MATES

From deepest depth, O Lord, I cry to Thee.

"My Love runs quick to your necessity."

I am bereft; my soul is sick with loss.

"Dear one, I know. My heart broke on the Cross."

What most I loved is gone. I walk alone.

"My Love shall more than fill his place, my own."

The burden is too great for me to bear.

"Not when I'm here to take an equal share."

The road is long, and very wearisome.

"Just on in front I see the light of home."

The night is black; I fear to go astray.

"Hold My hand fast. I'll lead you all the way."

"ALL'S WELL!"

ROAD-MATES (continued)

My eyes are dim, with weeping all the night.

"With one soft kiss I will restore your sight."

And Thou wilt do all this for me?—*for me?*

"For this I came—to bear you company."

ALPHA—OMEGA

Curly head, and laughing eyes,—
Mischief that all blame defies.

Cricket,—footer,—Eton-jacket,—
Everlasting din and racket.

Tennis,—boating,—socks and ties,—
Tragedies,—and comedies.

Business,—sobered,—getting on,—
One girl now,—The Only One.

London Scottish,—sporrán,—kilt,—
Bonnet cocked at proper tilt.

Dies Iræ!—Off to France,—
Lord,—a safe deliverance!

Deadly work,—foul gases,—trenches;
Naught that radiant spirit quenches.

Letters dated "Somewhere—France,"—
Mud,—and grub,—and no romance.

"ALL'S WELL!"

ALPHA—OMEGA (continued)

Hearts at home all on the quiver,
Telegrams make backbones shiver.

Silence!—Feverish enquiry;—
Dies Iræ!—Dies Iræ!

His the joy,—and ours the pain,
But, ere long, we'll meet again.

Not too much we'll sorrow—for
It's both "à Dieu!" and "au revoir!"

HAIL!—AND FAREWELL!

They died that we might live,—

Hail!—And Farewell!

—All honour give

To those who, nobly striving, nobly fell,

That we might live!

That we might live they died,—

Hail!—And Farewell!

—Their courage tried,

By every mean device of treacherous hate,

Like Kings they died.

Eternal honour give,—

Hail!—And Farewell!—

—To those who died,

In that full splendour of heroic pride,

That we might live!

A SILENT TE DEUM

We thank Thee, Lord,
For all Thy Golden Silences,—
For every Sabbath from the world's turmoil;
For every respite from the stress of life;—
Silence of moorlands rolling to the skies,
Heath-purpled, bracken-clad, aflame with gorse;
Silence of grey tors crouching in the mist;
Silence of deep woods' mystic cloistered calm;
Silence of wide seas basking in the sun;
Silence of white peaks soaring to the blue;
Silence of dawns, when, their matins sung,
The little birds do fall asleep again;
For the deep silence of high golden noons;
Silence of gloamings and the setting sun;
Silence of moonlit nights and patterned glades;
Silence of stars, magnificently still,
Yet ever chanting their Creator's skill;
For that high silence of Thine Open House,
Dim-branching roof and lofty-pillared aisle,
Where burdened hearts find rest in Thee awhile;
Silence of friendship, telling more than words;
Silence of hearts, close-knit heart to heart

"ALL'S WELL!"

A SILENT TE DEUM (continued)

Silence of joys too wonderful for words;
Silence of sorrows, when Thou drawest near;
Silence of soul, wherein we come to Thee,
And find ourselves in Thine Immensity;
For that great silence where Thou dwell'st
alone—

—Father, Spirit, Son, in One,
Keeping watch above Thine Own,—
Deep unto deep, within us sound sweet chords
Of praise beyond the reach of human words;
In our souls' silence, feeling only Thee,—

We thank Thee, thank Thee,
Thank Thee, Lord!

THE NAMELESS GRAVES

Unnamed at times, at times unknown,
Our graves lie thick beyond the seas;
Unnamed, but not of Him unknown;—
He knows!—He sees!

And not one soul has fallen in vain.
Here was no useless sacrifice.
From this red sowing of white seed
New life shall rise.

All that for which they fought lives on,
And flourishes triumphantly;
Watered with blood and hopeful tears,
It could not die.

The world was sinking in a slough
Of sloth, and ease, and selfish greed;
God surely sent this scourge to mould
A nobler creed.

Birth comes with travail; all these woes
Are birth-pangs of the days to be.

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE NAMELESS GRAVES (continued)

Life's noblest things are ever born
In agony.

So—comfort to the stricken heart!
Take solace in the thought that he
You mourn was called by God to such
High dignity.

BLINDED!

You that still have your sight,
Remember me!—
I risked my life, I lost my eyes,
That you might see.

Now in the dark I go,
That you have light.
Yours, all the joy of day,
I have but night.

Yours still, the faces dear,
The fields, the sky.
For me—ah me!—there's nought
But this black misery!

In this unending night,
I can but see
What once I saw, and fain
Would see again.
O, midnight of black pain!
Come, Comrade Death,

"ALL'S WELL!"

BLINDED! (continued)

Come quick, and set me free,
And give me back my eyes again!

Nay then, Christ's vicar,
You who bear our pain,
Ours be it now to see
Your dark days lighted,
And your way made plain.

SAID THE WOUNDED ONE:—

Just see that we get full value
Of that for which we have paid.
The price has been a heavy one,
But the goods are there—and *we've paid*.
We've paid in our toil and our woundings;
We've paid in the blood we've shed;
We've paid in our bitter hardships;
We've paid with our many dead.

It's not payment in kind we ask for,
Two wrongs don't make much of a right.
All we ask is—that, what we have paid for,
You secure for us, all right and tight.

The Peace of the World's what we're after;
We've all had enough of King Cain,
And the Kaiser and all his bully-men,
With their World-Power big on the brain.

No!—we fought with a definite object,
And it's this—and we want it made plain,—
That it's God, and not any devil,
That's to rule in the world again.

OUR SHARE

And we ourselves? Are our hands clean?
Are our souls free from blame
For this world-tragedy?
Nay then! Like all the rest,
We had relaxed our hold on higher things,
And satisfied ourselves with smaller.
Ease, pleasure, greed of gold,—
Laxed morals even in these,—
We suffered them, as unaware
Of their soul-cankerings. ●
We had slipped back along the sloping way,
No longer holding First Things First,
But throning gods emasculate,—
Idols of our own fashioning,
Heads of sham gold and feet of crumbling clay.
If we would build anew, and build to stay,
We must find God again,
And go His way.

"ALL'S WELL!"

POLICEMAN X

"Shall it be Peace?

A voice within me cried and would not cease,—

'One man could do it if he would but dare.'"

(From "Policeman X" in "Bees in Amber.")

EPILOGUE, 1914

He did not dare!

His swelling pride laid wait

On opportunity, then dropped the mask

And tempted Fate, cast loaded dice,—and lost;

Nor recked the cost of losing.

"Their souls are mine.

Their lives were in thy hand;—

Of thee I do require them!"

The Voice, so stern and sad, thrilled my heart's
core

And shook me where I stood.

Sharper than sharpest sword, it fell on him

Who stood defiant, muffle-cloaked and helmed,

With eyes that burned, impatient to be gone.

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

*"The fetor of thy grim burnt offerings
Comes up to me in clouds of bitterness.
Thy fell undoings crucify afresh
Thy Lord—who died alike for these and thee.
Thy works are Death;—thy spear is in my
side,—
O man! O man!—was it for this I died?"*

Was it for this?—

*A valiant people harried to the void,—
Their fruitful fields a burnt-out wilderness,—
Their prosperous country ravelled into
waste,—
Their smiling land a vast red sepulchre.—
—Thy work!*

For this?—

*—Black clouds of smoke that veil the sight of
heaven;
Black piles of stones which yesterday were
homes;
And raw black heaps which once were villages;
Fair towns in ashes, spoiled to suage thy spleen;
My temples desecrate, My priests out-cast;—
Black ruin everywhere, and red,—a land*

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

*All swamped with blood, and savaged raw and
bare;*

*All sickened with the reek and stench of war,
And flung a prey to pestilence and want;*

—Thy work!

For this?—

*—Life's fair white flower of manhood in the
dust;*

Ten thousand thousand hearts made desolate;

My troubled world a seething pit of hate;

My helpless ones the victims of thy lust;—

The broken maids lift hopeless eyes to Me,

The little ones lift handless arms to Me,

The tortured women lift white lips to Me,

*The eyes of murdered white-haired sires and
dames*

Stare up at Me.—And the sad anguished eyes

Of My dumb beasts in agony.

—Thy work!

Outrage on outrage thunders to the sky

The tale of thy stupendous infamy,—

*Thy slaughterings,—thy treacheries,—thy
thefts,—*

Thy broken pacts,—thy honour in the mire,—

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

*Thy poor humanity cast off to sate thy pride;—
'Twere better thou hadst never lived,—or died
Ere come to this.*

*Thou art the man! The scales were in thy
hand.*

*For this vast wrong I hold thy soul in fee.
Seek not a scapegoat for thy righteous due,
Nor hope to void thy countability.*

*Until thou purge thy pride and turn to Me,—
As thou hast done, so be it unto thee!"*

The shining eyes, so stern, and sweet, and sad,
Searched the hard face for sign of hopeful grace.
But grace was none. Enarmoured in his pride,
With brusque salute the other turned, and strode
Adown the night of Death and fitful fires.

Then, as the Master bowed him, sorrowing,
I heard a great Voice pealing through the heavens,
A Voice that dwarfed earth's thunders to a
moan:—

*Woel! Woel! Woel!—to him by whom this
came.*

His house shall unto him be desolate.

And, to the end of time, his name shall be

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

*A byword and reproach in all the lands
He rapined . . . And his own shall curse him
For the ruin that he brought.
Who without reason draws the sword—
By sword shall perish!
The Lord hath said . . . So be it, Lord!"*

AND AFTER!

. WHAT?

God grant the sacrifice be not in vain!
Those valiant souls who set themselves with pride
To hold the Ways . . . and fought . . . and
fought . . . and died,—
They rest with Thee.

But, to the end of time,
The virtue of their valiance shall remain,
To pulse a nobler life through every vein
Of our humanity.

No drop of hero-blood e'er runs to waste,
But springs eternal, Fountain pure and chaste,
For cleansing of men's souls from earthly grime.
Life knows no waste. The Reaper toils in vain,
vain piles high his grim red harvesting,—
ad, red harvest of the slain!
adrous husbandry is oft obscure,

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

But, without halt or haste, its course is sure,
And His good grain must die to live again.

From this dread sowing, grant us harvest, Lord,
Of Nobler Doing, and of Loftier Hope,—
An All-Embracing and Enduring Peace,—
A Bond of States, a Pact of Peoples, based
On no caprice of royal whim, but on
Foundation mightier than the mightiest throne—
The Well-Considered Will of All the Lands.
Therewith,—a simpler, purer, larger life,
Unhampered by the dread of war's alarms,
A life attuned to closer touch with Thee,
And golden-threaded with Thy Charity;—
A Sweeter Earth,—a Nearer Heaven,—a World
As emulous in Peace as once in War,
And striving ever upward towards The Goal.

*So, once again, through Death shall come New
Life,
And out of Darkness, Light.*

"POLICEMAN X," which appeared first in *Bees in Amber*, was written in 1898. The Epilogue was written in 1914. "Policeman X" is the Kaiser. "Policeman"—because if he had so chosen he could have assisted in policing Europe and preserving the peace of the world. "X"—because he was then the unknown quantity. Now we know him only too well.

THE MEETING-PLACE

(*A Warning*)

I saw my fellows
In Poverty Street,—
Bitter and black with life's defeat,
Ill-fed, ill-housed, of ills complete.

And I said to myself,—

*"Surely death were sweet
To the people who live in Poverty Street."*

I saw my fellows
In Market Place,—
Avid and anxious, and hard of face,
Sweating their souls in the Godless race.

And I said to myself,—

*"How shall these find grace
Who tread Him to death in the Market
Place?"*

I saw my fellows
In Vanity Fair,—
Revelling, rollicking, debonair,

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE MEETING-PLACE (continued)

Life all a Gaudy-Show, never a care.

And I said to myself,—

"Is there place for these

In my Lord's well-appointed policies?"

I saw my fellows

In Old Church Row,—

Hot in discussion of things High and Low,

Cold to the seething volcano below.

And I said to myself,—

"The heaven is dead.

The salt has no savour. The Spirit is fled."

I saw my fellows

As men and men,—

The Men of Pain, and the Men of Gain,

And the Men who lived in Gallanty-Lane.

And I said to myself,—

"What if those should dare

*To claim from these others their rightful
share?"*

I saw them all

Where the Cross-Roads meet;—

Vanity Fair, and Poverty Street,

"ALL'S WELL?"

THE MEETING-PLACE (continued)

And the Mart, and the Church,—when the Red
Drums beat,
And summoned them all to The Great Court-
Lect.

And I cried unto God,—
"Now grant us Thy grace!"

.

For that was a terrible Meeting-Place.

"ALL'S WELL!"

VICTORY DAY

An Anticipation

As sure as God's in His Heaven,
As sure as He stands for Right,
As sure as the hun this wrong hath done,
So surely we win this fight!

Then!—

Then, the visioned eye shall see
The great and noble company,
That gathers there from land and sea,
From over-land and over-sea,
From under-land and under-sea,
To celebrate right royally
The Day of Victory.

Not alone on that great day,
Will the war-worn victors come,
To meet our great glad "Welcome Home!"
And a whole world's deep "Well done!"
Not alone! Not alone will they come,
To the sound of the pipe and the drum;
They will come to their own

"ALL'S WELL!"

VICTORY DAY (continued)

With the pipe and the drum,
With the merry merry tune
Of the pipe and the drum;—
But—they—will—not—come—alone!

In their unseen myriads there,
Unperceived, but no less there,
In the vast of God's own air,

They will come!—

With never a pipe or a drum,
All the flower of Christendom,
In a silence more majestic,—
They will come! They will come!
The unknown and the known,
To meet our deep "Well done!"
And the world-resounding thunders
Of our great glad "Welcome Home!"

With their faces all alight,
And their brave eyes shining bright,
From their glorious martyrdom,

They will come!

They will once more all unite
With their comrades of the fight,
To share the world's delight

"ALL'S WELL!"

VICTORY DAY (continued)

In the Victory of Right,
And the doom—the final doom—
The final, full, and everlasting doom
Of brutal Might,

They will come!

At the world-convulsing boom
Of the treacherous Austrian gun,—
At the all-compelling "Come!"
Of that deadly signal-gun,—
They gauged the peril, and they came.
—Of many a race, and many a name,
But all ablaze with one white flame,
They tarried not to count the cost,
But came.

They came from many a clime and coast,—
The slim of limb, the dark of face,
They shouldered eager in the race
The sturdy giants of the frost,
And the stalwarts of the sun,—
Britons, Britons, Britons are they!

Britons, every one!

It shall be their life-long boast,
That they counted not the cost,
But, at the Mother-Country's call, they came.

"ALL'S WELL!"

VICTORY DAY (continued)

From the past and present fighting-strength
Of that great company.
Those who lived, and those who died,
They were one in noble pride
Of desperate endeavour and of duty nobly done;
For their lives they risked and gave
Very Soul of Life to save,
And by their own great valour, and the Grace of
God, they won.
Britons, Britons, Britons are they!—
Britons, every one!

WHEN HE TRIES THE HEARTS OF
MEN

As gold is tried in the furnace,
So He tries the hearts of men;
And the dwale and the dross shall suffer loss,
When He tries the hearts of men.
And the wood, and the hay, and the stubble
Shall pass in the flame away,
For gain is loss, and loss is gain,
And treasure of earth is poor and vain,
When He tries the hearts of men.

As gold is refined in the furnace,
So He fines the hearts of men.
The purge of the flame doth rid them of shame,
When He tries the hearts of men.
O, better than gold, yea, than much fine gold,
When He tries the hearts of men,
Are Faith, and Hope, and Truth, and Love,
And the Wisdom that cometh from above,
When He tries the hearts of men.

POISON-SEEDS

Is there, in you or me,
Seed of that poison-tree
Which, in its bitter fruiting, bore
Such vintage sore
Of red calamity—
Black wine of horror and of Death,
And soul-catastrophe?
Search well and see!

Yea—search and see!
And, if there be—
Tear up its roots with zealous care,
With deep soul-probing and with prayer,
Lest, in the coming years,
Again it bear
This same dread fruit of blood and tears,
And ruth beyond compare.

Each soul that strips it of one evil thing
Lifts all the world towards God's good purposing.

THE WAR-MAKERS

Who are the Makers of Wars?

The Kings of the earth.

And who are these Kings of the earth?

Only men—not always even men of worth,
But claiming rule by right of birth.

And Wisdom?—does that come by birth?

Nay then—too often the reverse.
Wise father oft has son perverse;
Solomon's son was Israel's curse.

Why suffer things to reason so averse?

It always has been so,
And only now does knowledge grow
To that high point where all men know—
Who would be free must strike the blow.

And how long will man suffer so?

Until his soul of Freedom sings,
And, strengthened by his sufferings,
He breaks the worn-out leading-strings,

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE WAR-MAKERS (continued)

And calls to stricter reckonings
Those costliest things—unworthy Kings.

Not all are worthless. Some, with sense of duty,
Strive to invest their lives with grace and beauty.
To such—high honour! But the rest—self-seek-
ers,
Pride-puffed—out with them!—useless mischief-
makers!

The time is past when any man or nation
Will meekly bear unrighteous domination.

The time is come when every burden-bearer
Must, in the fixing of his load, be sharer.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living?
It depends on your believing;—
If it ends with this short span,
Then is man no better than
The beasts that perish.
But a Loftier Hope we cherish.
"Life out of Death" is written wide
Across Life's page on every side.
We cannot think as ended, our dear dead who
died.

What room is left us then for doubt or fear?
Love laughs at thought of ending—there, or here.
God would lack meaning if this world were all,
And this short life but one long funeral.

God is! Christ loves! Christ lives!
And by His Own Returning gives
Sure pledge of Immortality.
The first-fruits—He; and we—
The harvest of His victory.
The life beyond shall this life far transcend,
And Death is the Beginning—not the End!

"ALL'S WELL!"

GOD'S HANDWRITING

He writes in characters too grand
For our short sight to understand;
We catch but broken strokes, and try
To fathom all the mystery
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,
The endless war, the useless strife,—
But there, with larger, clearer sight,
We shall see this—

HIS WAY WAS RIGHT

(From *Bees in Amber*.)

THY WILL BE DONE!

"Thy Will be done!"

Let all the worlds
Resound with that divinest prayer!
The joyous souls redeemed from ill
Know all the wonders of Thy Will;
Heaven's highest bliss is surely this,—
"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

"Thy Will be done!"

'Tis not Thy Will
That Sin or Sorrow rule the world.
Thy Will is Joy, and Hope, and Light;
Thy Will is All-Triumphant Right.
And so, exultantly, we cry,—
"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

"Thy Will be done!"

It is Thy Will
That all Life's wrongs should be redressed;
That burdened souls their bonds should break;
That Earth of Heavenly Joys partake.
And so, right wistfully, we cry,—
"Thy Will be done! Thy Will be done!"

**PART TWO: THE KING'S
HIGH WAY**

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THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

A wonderful Way is The King's High Way;
It runs through the Nightlands up to the Day;
From the wonderful WAS, by the wonderful IS,
To the still more wonderful IS TO BE,—
Runs The King's High Way.

Through the crooked by-ways of history,
Through the times that were dark with mystery,
From the cities of man's captivity,
By the shed of The Child's nativity,
And over the hill by the crosses three,
By the sign-post of God's paternity,
From Yesterday into Eternity,—

Runs The King's High Way.

And wayfaring men, who have strayed, still say
It is good to travel The King's High Way.

Through the dim, dark Valley of Death, at times,
To the peak of the Shining Mount it climbs,
While wonders, and glories, and joys untold
To the eyes of the visioned each step unfold,—

On The King's High Way.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE KING'S HIGH WAY (continued)

And everywhere there are sheltering bowers,
Plenished with fruits and radiant with flowers,
Where the weary of body and soul may rest,
As the steeps they breast to the beckoning crest,—
On The King's High Way.

And inns there are too, of comforting mien,
Where every guest is a King or a Queen,
And room never lacks in the inns on that road,
For the hosts are all gentle men, like unto God,—
On The King's High Way.

The comrades one finds are all bound the same
way,
Their faces aglow in the light of the day;
And never a quarrel is heard, nor a brawl,
They're the best of good company, each one and
all,—
On The King's High Way.

So, gallantly travel The King's High Way,
With hearts unperturbed and with souls high and
gay,
There is many a road that is much more the mode,
But none that so surely leads straight up to God,
As The King's High Way.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE WAYS

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

AD FINEM

Britain! Our Britain! uprisen in the splendour
Of your white wrath at treacheries so vile;
Roused from your sleep, become once more de-
fender
Of those high things which make life worth life's
while!

Now, God be thanked for even such a wakening
From the soft dreams of peace in selfish ease,
If it but bring about the great heart-quickenings,
Of which are born the larger liberties.

Ay, better such a rousing up from slumber;
Better this fight for His High Empery;
Better—e'en though our fair sons without number
Pave with their lives the road to victory.

But—Britain! Britain! What if it be written,
On the great scrolls of Him who holds the ways,
That to the dust the foe shall not be smitten
Till unto Him we pledge redeemèd days?—

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

AD FINEM (continued)

Till unto Him we turn—in deep soul-sorrow,
For all the past that was so stained and dim,
For all the present ills—and for a morrow
Founded and built and consecrated to Him.

Take it to heart! This ordeal has its meaning;
By no fell chance has such a horror come.
Take it to heart!—nor count indeed on winning,
Until the lesson has come surely home.

Take it to heart!—nor hope to find assuagement
Of this vast woe, until, with souls subdued,
Stripped of all less things, in most high engagement,
We seek in Him the One and Only Good.

Not of our own might shall this tribulation
Pass, and once more to earth be peace restored;
Not till we turn, in solemn consecration,
Wholly to Him, our One and Sovereign Lord.

EVENING BRINGS US HOME

*Evening brings us home,—
From our wanderings afar,
From our multifarious labours,
From the things that fret and jar;
From the highways and the byways,
From the hill-tops and the vales;
From the dust and heat of city street,
And the joys of lonesome trails,—
Evening brings us home at last,
To Thee.*

From plough and hoe and harrow, from the
burden of the day,
From the long and lonely furrow in the stiff re-
luctant clay,
From the meads where streams are purling,
From the moors where mists are curling,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and warmth, and Thee.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

EVENING BRINGS US HOME (continued)

From the pastures where the white lambs to their
dams are ever crying,

From the byways where the Night lambs Thy
Love are crucifying,

From the labours of the lowlands,

From the glamour of the glowlands,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To the fold, and rest, and Thee.*

From the Forests of Thy Wonder, where the
mighty giants grow,

Where we cleave Thy works asunder, and lay the
mighty low,

From the jungle and the prairie,

From the realms of fact and faerie,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and cheer, and Thee.*

From our wrestlings with the spectres of the dim
and dreary way,

From the vast heroic chances of the never-ending
fray,

From the Mount of High Endeavour,

In the hope of Thy For Ever,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To trust and peace, and Thee.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

EVENING BRINGS US HOME (continued)

From our toilings and our moilings, from the
quest of daily bread,
From the worship of our idols, and the burying
of our dead,

Like children, worn and weary
With the way so long and dreary,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and love, and Thee.*

From our journeyings oft and many over strange
and stormy seas,
From our search the wide world over for the
larger liberties,

From our labours vast and various,
With our harvestings precarious,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To safety, rest, and Thee.*

From the yet-untrodden No-Lands, where we
sought Thy secrets out,
From the blizzards of the Nightlands, and the
blazing White-Lands' drought,

From the undiscovered country
Where our IS is yet to be,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To welcome cheer, and Thee.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

EVENING BRINGS US HOME (continued)

From the temples of our living, all empurpled
with Thy giving,
From the warp of life thick-threaded with the
gold of Thine inweaving,
From the days so full of splendour,
From the visions rare and tender,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To quiet rest in Thee.*

From the Dim-Lands, from the Grim-Lands, from
the Lands of High Emprise,
From the Lands of Disillusion to the Truth that
never dies;

With rejoicing and with singing,
Each his rightful sheaves home-bringing,—

*Evening brings us all at last,
To Harvest-Home with Thee.*

From the fields of fiery trying, where our bravest
and our best,
By their living and their dying their souls' high
faith attest,

From these dread, red fields of sorrow,
From the fight for Thy To-morrow,—

*Evening brings each one at last,
To GOD'S own Peace in Thee.*

"ALL'S WELL!"

ALPHA—OMEGA (continued)

**Hearts at home all on the quiver,
Telegrams make backbones shiver.**

**Silence!—Feverish enquiry;—
Dies Iræ!—Dies Iræ!**

**His the joy,—and ours the pain,
But, ere long, we'll meet again.**

**Not too much we'll sorrow—for
It's both "à Dieu!" and "au revoir!"**

HAIL!—AND FAREWELL!

They died that we might live,—

Hail!—And Farewell!

—All honour give

To those who, nobly striving, nobly fell,

That we might live!

That we might live they died,—

Hail!—And Farewell!

—Their courage tried,

By every mean device of treacherous hate,

Like Kings they died.

Eternal honour give,—

Hail!—And Farewell!—

—To those who died,

In that full splendour of heroic pride,

That we might live!

A SILENT TE DEUM

We thank Thee, Lord,
For all Thy Golden Silences,—
For every Sabbath from the world's turmoil;
For every respite from the stress of life;—
Silence of moorlands rolling to the skies,
Heath-purpled, bracken-clad, aflame with gorse;
Silence of grey tors crouching in the mist;
Silence of deep woods' mystic cloistered calm;
Silence of wide seas basking in the sun;
Silence of white peaks soaring to the blue;
Silence of dawns, when, their matins sung,
The little birds do fall asleep again;
For the deep silence of high golden noons;
Silence of gloamings and the setting sun;
Silence of moonlit nights and patterned glades;
Silence of stars, magnificently still,
Yet ever chanting their Creator's skill;
For that high silence of Thine Open House,
Dim-branching roof and lofty-pillared aisle,
Where burdened hearts find rest in Thee awhile;
Silence of friendship, telling more than words;
Silence of hearts, close-knit heart to heart

"ALL'S WELL!"

A SILENT TE DEUM (continued)

Silence of joys too wonderful for words;
Silence of sorrows, when Thou drawest near;
Silence of soul, wherein we come to Thee,
And find ourselves in Thine Immensity;
For that great silence where Thou dwell'st
alone—

—Father, Spirit, Son, in One,
Keeping watch above Thine Own,—
Deep unto deep, within us sound sweet chords
Of praise beyond the reach of human words;
In our souls' silence, feeling only Thee,—
We thank Thee, thank Thee,
Thank Thee, Lord!

THE NAMELESS GRAVES

Unnamed at times, at times unknown,
Our graves lie thick beyond the seas;
Unnamed, but not of Him unknown;—
He knows!—He sees!

And not one soul has fallen in vain.
Here was no useless sacrifice.
From this red sowing of white seed
New life shall rise.

All that for which they fought lives on,
And flourishes triumphantly;
Watered with blood and hopeful tears,
It could not die.

The world was sinking in a slough
Of sloth, and ease, and selfish greed;
God surely sent this scourge to mould
A nobler creed.

Birth comes with travail; all these woes
Are birth-pangs of the days to be.

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE NAMELESS GRAVES (continued)

**Life's noblest things are ever born
In agony.**

**So—comfort to the stricken heart!
Take solace in the thought that he
You mourn was called by God to such
High dignity.**

BLINDED!

You that still have your sight,
Remember me!—
I risked my life, I lost my eyes,
That you might see.

Now in the dark I go,
That you have light.
Yours, all the joy of day,
I have but night.

Yours still, the faces dear,
The fields, the sky.
For me—ah me!—there's nought
But this black misery!

In this unending night,
I can but see
What once I saw, and fain
Would see again.
O, midnight of black pain!
Come, Comrade Death,

"ALL'S WELL!"

BLINDED! (continued)

Come quick, and set me free,
And give me back my eyes again!

Nay then, Christ's vicar,
You who bear our pain,
Ours be it now to see
Your dark days lighted,
And your way made plain.

SAID THE WOUNDED ONE:—

Just see that we get full value
Of that for which we have paid.
The price has been a heavy one,
But the goods are there—and *we've paid*.
We've paid in our toil and our woundings;
We've paid in the blood we've shed;
We've paid in our bitter hardships;
We've paid with our many dead.

It's not payment in kind we ask for,
Two wrongs don't make much of a right.
All we ask is—that, what we have paid for,
You secure for us, all right and tight.

The Peace of the World's what we're after;
We've all had enough of King Cain,
And the Kaiser and all his bully-men,
With their World-Power big on the brain.

No!—we fought with a definite object,
And it's this—and we want it made plain,—
That it's God, and not any devil,
That's to rule in the world again.

OUR SHARE

And we ourselves? Are our hands clean?
Are our souls free from blame
For this world-tragedy?
Nay then! Like all the rest,
We had relaxed our hold on higher things,
And satisfied ourselves with smaller.
Ease, pleasure, greed of gold,—
Laxed morals even in these,—
We suffered them, as unaware
Of their soul-cankerings. ●
We had slipped back along the sloping way,
No longer holding First Things First,
But throning gods emasculate,—
Idols of our own fashioning,
Heads of sham gold and feet of crumbling clay.
If we would build anew, and build to stay,
We must find God again,
And go His way.

POLICEMAN X

"Shall it be Peace?

A voice within me cried and would not cease,—
'One man could do it if he would but dare.'"

(From "Policeman X" in "Bees in Amber.")

EPILOGUE, 1914

He did not dare!

His swelling pride laid wait

On opportunity, then dropped the mask

And tempted Fate, cast loaded dice,—and lost;

Nor recked the cost of losing.

"Their souls are mine.

Their lives were in thy hand;—

Of thee I do require them!"

The Voice, so stern and sad, thrilled my heart's
core

And shook me where I stood.

Sharper than sharpest sword, it fell on him

Who stood defiant, muffle-cloaked and helmed,

With eyes that burned, impatient to be gone.

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

*"The fetor of thy grim burnt offerings
Comes up to me in clouds of bitterness.
Thy fell undoings crucify afresh
Thy Lord—who died alike for these and thee.
Thy works are Death;—thy spear is in my
side,—
O man! O man!—was it for this I died?"*

Was it for this?—

*A valiant people harried to the void,—
Their fruitful fields a burnt-out wilderness,—
Their prosperous country ravelled into
waste,—
Their smiling land a vast red sepulchre.—
—Thy work!*

For this?—

*—Black clouds of smoke that veil the sight of
heaven;
Black piles of stones which yesterday were
homes;
And raw black heaps which once were villages;
Fair towns in ashes, spoiled to suage thy spleen;
My temples desecrate, My priests out-cast;—
Black ruin everywhere, and red,—a land*

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

All swamped with blood, and savaged raw and bare;

*All sickened with the reek and stench of war,
And flung a prey to pestilence and want;*

—Thy work!

For this?—

—Life's fair white flower of manhood in the dust;

Ten thousand thousand hearts made desolate;

My troubled world a seething pit of hate;

My helpless ones the victims of thy lust;—

The broken maids lift hopeless eyes to Me,

The little ones lift handless arms to Me,

The tortured women lift white lips to Me,

*The eyes of murdered white-haired sires and
dames*

Stare up at Me.—And the sad anguished eyes

Of My dumb beasts in agony.

—Thy work!

Outrage on outrage thunders to the sky

The tale of thy stupendous infamy,—

*Thy slaughterings,—thy treacheries,—thy
thefts,—*

Thy broken pacts,—thy honour in the mire,—

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

*Thy poor humanity cast off to sate thy pride;—
'Twere better thou hadst never lived,—or died
Ere come to this.*

*Thou art the man! The scales were in thy
hand.*

*For this vast wrong I hold thy soul in fee.
Seek not a scapegoat for thy righteous due,
Nor hope to void thy countability.*

*Until thou purge thy pride and turn to Me,—
As thou hast done, so be it unto thee!"*

The shining eyes, so stern, and sweet, and sad,
Searched the hard face for sign of hopeful grace.
But grace was none. Enarmoured in his pride,
With brusque salute the other turned, and strode
Adown the night of Death and fitful fires.

Then, as the Master bowed him, sorrowing,
I heard a great Voice pealing through the heavens,
A Voice that dwarfed earth's thunders to a
moan:—

*Woe! Woe! Woe!—to him by whom this
came.*

His house shall unto him be desolate.

And, to the end of time, his name shall be

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

*A byword and reproach in all the lands
He rapined . . . And his own shall curse him
For the ruin that he brought.
Who without reason draws the sword—
By sword shall perish!
The Lord hath said . . . So be it, Lord!"*

AND AFTER!

. WHAT?

God grant the sacrifice be not in vain!
Those valiant souls who set themselves with pride
To hold the Ways . . . and fought . . . and
fought . . . and died,—
They rest with Thee.

But, to the end of time,
The virtue of their valiance shall remain,
To pulse a nobler life through every vein
Of our humanity.

No drop of hero-blood e'er runs to waste,
But springs eternal, Fountain pure and chaste,
For cleansing of men's souls from earthly grime.
Life knows no waste. The Reaper toils in vain,
In vain piles high his grim red harvesting,—
His dread, red harvest of the slain!
God's wondrous husbandry is oft obscure,

"ALL'S WELL!"

EPILOGUE, 1914 (continued)

But, without halt or haste, its course is sure,
And His good grain must die to live again.

From this dread sowing, grant us harvest, Lord,
Of Nobler Doing, and of Loftier Hope,—
An All-Embracing and Enduring Peace,—
A Bond of States, a Pact of Peoples, based
On no caprice of royal whim, but on
Foundation mightier than the mightiest throne—
The Well-Considered Will of All the Lands.
Therewith,—a simpler, purer, larger life,
Unhampered by the dread of war's alarms,
A life attuned to closer touch with Thee,
And golden-threaded with Thy Charity;—
A Sweeter Earth,—a Nearer Heaven,—a World
As emulous in Peace as once in War,
And striving ever upward towards The Goal.

*So, once again, through Death shall come New
Life,
And out of Darkness, Light.*

"POLICEMAN X," which appeared first in *Bees in Amber*, was written in 1898. The Epilogue was written in 1914. "Policeman X" is the Kaiser. "Policeman"—because if he had so chosen he could have assisted in policing Europe and preserving the peace of the world. "X"—because he was then the unknown quantity. Now we know him only too well.

THE MEETING-PLACE

(*A Warning*)

I saw my fellows
In Poverty Street,—
Bitter and black with life's defeat,
Ill-fed, ill-housed, of ills complete.

And I said to myself,—

*"Surely death were sweet
To the people who live in Poverty Street."*

I saw my fellows
In Market Place,—
Avid and anxious, and hard of face,
Sweating their souls in the Godless race.

And I said to myself,—

*"How shall these find grace
Who tread Him to death in the Market
Place?"*

I saw my fellows
In Vanity Fair,—
Revelling, rollicking, debonair,

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE MEETING-PLACE (continued)

Life all a Gaudy-Show, never a care.

And I said to myself,—

"Is there place for these

In my Lord's well-appointed policies?"

I saw my fellows

In Old Church Row,—

Hot in discussion of things High and Low,

Cold to the seething volcano below.

And I said to myself,—

"The leaven is dead.

The 'salt has no savour. The Spirit is fled."

I saw my fellows

As men and men,—

The Men of Pain, and the Men of Gain,

And the Men who lived in Gallanty-Lane.

And I said to myself,—

"What if those should dare

*To claim from these others their rightful
share?"*

I saw them all

Where the Cross-Roads meet;—

Vanity Fair, and Poverty Street,

THE MEETING-PLACE (continued)

And the Mart, and the Church,—when the Red
Drums beat,
And summoned them all to The Great Court-
Leet.

And I cried unto God,—
"Now grant us Thy grace!"

.

For that was a terrible Meeting-Place.

"ALL'S WELL!"

VICTORY DAY

An Anticipation

As sure as God's in His Heaven,
As sure as He stands for Right,
As sure as the hun this wrong hath done,
So surely we win this fight!

Then!—

Then, the visioned eye shall see
The great and noble company,
That gathers there from land and sea,
From over-land and over-sea,
From under-land and under-sea,
To celebrate right royally
The Day of Victory.

Not alone on that great day,
Will the war-worn victors come,
To meet our great glad "Welcome Home!"
And a whole world's deep "Well done!"
Not alone! Not alone will they come,
To the sound of the pipe and the drum;
They will come to their own

"ALL'S WELL!"

VICTORY DAY (continued)

With the pipe and the drum,
With the merry merry tune
Of the pipe and the drum;—
But—they—will—not—come—alone!

In their unseen myriads there,
Unperceived, but no less there,
In the vast of God's own air,

They will come!—

With never a pipe or a drum,
All the flower of Christendom,
In a silence more majestic,—
They will come! They will come!
The unknown and the known,
To meet our deep "Well done!"
And the world-resounding thunders
Of our great glad "Welcome Home!"

With their faces all alight,
And their brave eyes shining bright,
From their glorious martyrdom,

They will come!

They will once more all unite
With their comrades of the fight,
To share the world's delight

VICTORY DAY (continued)

In the Victory of Right,
And the doom—the final doom—
The final, full, and everlasting doom
Of brutal Might,

They will come!

At the world-convulsing boom
Of the treacherous Austrian gun,—
At the all-compelling "Come!"
Of that deadly signal-gun,—
They gauged the peril, and they came.
—Of many a race, and many a name,
But all ablaze with one white flame,
They tarried not to count the cost,
But came.

They came from many a clime and coast,—
The slim of limb, the dark of face,
They shouldered eager in the race
The sturdy giants of the frost,
And the stalwarts of the sun,—
Britons, Britons, Britons are they!

Britons, every one!

It shall be their life-long boast,
That they counted not the cost,
But, at the Mother-Country's call, they came.

VICTORY DAY (continued)

They came a wrong to right,
They came to end the blight
Of a vast ungodly might;
And by their gallant coming overcame.
Britons, Britons, Britons are they!

Britons, every one!

It shall be their nobler boast,—
It shall spell their endless fame,—
That, regardless of the cost,
They won the world for Righteousness,
And cleansed it of its shame.
Britons, Britons, Britons are they!

Britons, every one!

And now,—again they come,
With merry pipe and drum,
Amid the storming cheers,
And the grateful-streaming tears,
Of this our great, glad, sorrowing Welcome-
Home.

They shall every one be there,
On the earth or in the air,
From the land and from the sea,
And from under-land and sea,
Not a man shall missing be

"ALL'S WELL!"

VICTORY DAY (continued)

From the past and present fighting-strength
Of that great company.
Those who lived, and those who died,
They were one in noble pride
Of desperate endeavour and of duty nobly done;
For their lives they risked and gave
Very Soul of Life to save,
And by their own great valour, and the Grace of
God, they won.
Britons, Britons, Britons are they!—
Britons, every one!

WHEN HE TRIES THE HEARTS OF
MEN

As gold is tried in the furnace,
So He tries the hearts of men;
And the dwale and the dross shall suffer loss,
When He tries the hearts of men.
And the wood, and the hay, and the stubble
Shall pass in the flame away,
For gain is loss, and loss is gain,
And treasure of earth is poor and vain,
When He tries the hearts of men.

As gold is refined in the furnace,
So He fines the hearts of men.
The purge of the flame doth rid them of shame,
When He tries the hearts of men.
O, better than gold, yea, than much fine gold,
When He tries the hearts of men,
Are Faith, and Hope, and Truth, and Love,
And the Wisdom that cometh from above,
When He tries the hearts of men.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

FLORA'S BIT (continued)

*"Primroses, narcissus, daffs and violets,—
First come is first served, and pick o' basket gets.*

"Garn then and git! Ain't none o' you no good!
Cawn't spare a copper to'rds a pore gell's food.
Gives one the 'ump it does, to see you all go by,
An' me a-sittin' 'ere all day,
An' none o' you won't buy.
V'ilets, narcissus,— . . . Blimy! Strike me
dumb!

Garn! What's the good o' you?—lot o' dirty
scum!

Silly blokes!—stony brokes!—I'm a-goin' 'ome!"

And then, from out the "Corner-House,"
Came two, and two, and two,
Three pretty maids, three little Subs,
Doing as young Subs do,
When four days' leave gives them the chance
Of a little bill and coo.

"What ho!" they cried, as they espied
Flora's bright flower-pot.

"Hi!—you there with the last year's hat!—
Let's see what you have got!

THE WAR-MAKERS

Who are the Makers of Wars?

The Kings of the earth.

And who are these Kings of the earth?

Only men—not always even men of worth,
But claiming rule by right of birth.

And Wisdom?—does that come by birth?

Nay then—too often the reverse.
Wise father oft has son perverse;
Solomon's son was Israel's curse.

Why suffer things to reason so averse?

It always has been so,
And only now does knowledge grow
To that high point where all men know—
Who would be free must strike the blow.

And how long will man suffer so?

Until his soul of Freedom sings,
And, strengthened by his sufferings,
He breaks the worn-out leading-strings,

"ALL'S WELL!"

THE WAR-MAKERS (continued)

And calls to stricter reckonings
Those costliest things—unworthy Kings.

Not all are worthless. Some, with sense of duty,
Strive to invest their lives with grace and beauty.
To such—high honour! But the rest—self-seek-
ers,
Pride-puffed—out with them!—useless mischief-
makers!

The time is past when any man or nation
Will meekly bear unrighteous domination.

The time is come when every burden-bearer
Must, in the fixing of his load, be sharer.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living?
It depends on your believing;—
If it ends with this short span,
Then is man no better than
The beasts that perish.
But a Loftier Hope we cherish.
"Life out of Death" is written wide
Across Life's page on every side.
We cannot think as ended, our dear dead who
died.

What room is left us then for doubt or fear?
Love laughs at thought of ending—there, or here.
God would lack meaning if this world were all,
And this short life but one long funeral.

God is! Christ loves! Christ lives!
And by His Own Returning gives
Sure pledge of Immortality.
The first-fruits—He; and we—
The harvest of His victory.
The life beyond shall this life far transcend,
And Death is the Beginning—not the End!

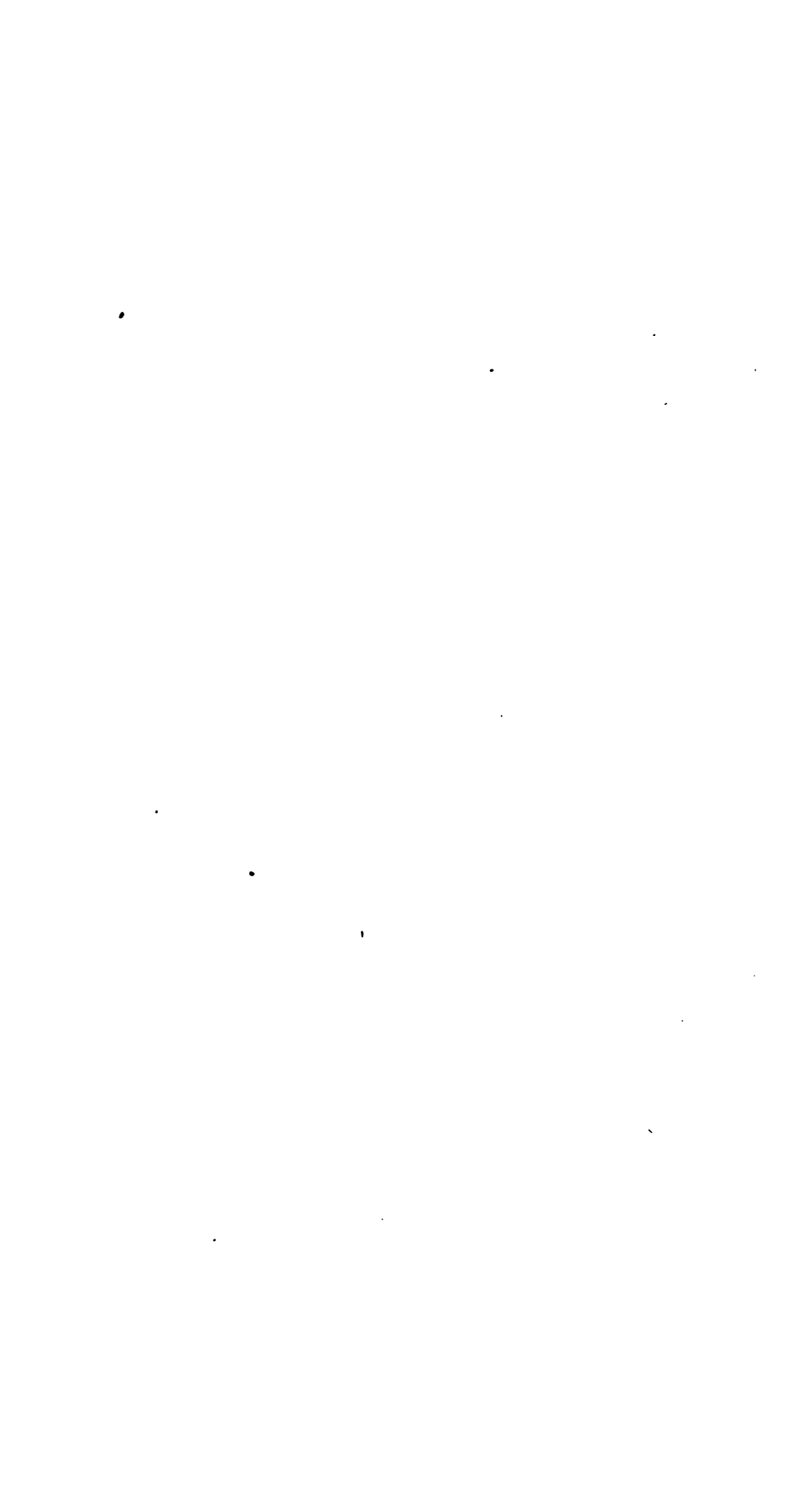
"ALL'S WELL!"

GOD'S HANDWRITING

He writes in characters too grand
For our short sight to understand;
We catch but broken strokes, and try
To fathom all the mystery
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,
The endless war, the useless strife,—
But there, with larger, clearer sight,
We shall see this—

HIS WAY WAS RIGHT

(From *Bees in Amber*.)



PART TWO: THE KING'S
HIGH WAY

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THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

A wonderful Way is The King's High Way;
It runs through the Nightlands up to the Day;
From the wonderful WAS, by the wonderful IS,
To the still more wonderful IS TO BE,—
Runs The King's High Way.

Through the crooked by-ways of history,
Through the times that were dark with mystery,
From the cities of man's captivity,
By the shed of The Child's nativity,
And over the hill by the crosses three,
By the sign-post of God's paternity,
From Yesterday into Eternity,—

Runs The King's High Way.

And wayfaring men, who have strayed, still say
It is good to travel The King's High Way.

Through the dim, dark Valley of Death, at times,
To the peak of the Shining Mount it climbs,
While wonders, and glories, and joys untold
To the eyes of the visioned each step unfold,—

On The King's High Way.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE KING'S HIGH WAY (continued)

And everywhere there are sheltering bowers,
Plenished with fruits and radiant with flowers,
Where the weary of body and soul may rest,
As the steeps they breast to the beckoning crest,—
On The King's High Way.

And inns there are too, of comforting mien,
Where every guest is a King or a Queen,
And room never lacks in the inns on that road,
For the hosts are all gentle men, like unto God,—
On The King's High Way.

The comrades one finds are all bound the same
way,
Their faces aglow in the light of the day;
And never a quarrel is heard, nor a brawl,
They're the best of good company, each one and
all,—
On The King's High Way.

So, gallantly travel The King's High Way,
With hearts unperturbed and with souls high and
gay,
There is many a road that is much more the mode,
But none that so surely leads straight up to God,
As The King's High Way.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE WAYS

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

AD FINEM

Britain! Our Britain! uprisen in the splendour
Of your white wrath at treacheries so vile;
Roused from your sleep, become once more de-
fender
Of those high things which make life worth life's
while!

Now, God be thanked for even such a wakening
From the soft dreams of peace in selfish ease,
If it but bring about the great heart-quickening,
Of which are born the larger liberties.

Ay, better such a rousing up from slumber;
Better this fight for His High Empery;
Better—e'en though our fair sons without number
Pave with their lives the road to victory.

But—Britain! Britain! What if it be written,
On the great scrolls of Him who holds the ways,
That to the dust the foe shall not be smitten
Till unto Him we pledge redeemed days?—

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

AD FINEM (continued)

Till unto Him we turn—in deep soul-sorrow,
For all the past that was so stained and dim,
For all the present ills—and for a morrow
Founded and built and consecrated to Him.

Take it to heart! This ordeal has its meaning;
By no fell chance has such a horror come.
Take it to heart!—nor count indeed on winning,
Until the lesson has come surely home.

Take it to heart!—nor hope to find assuagement
Of this vast woe, until, with souls subdued,
Stripped of all less things, in most high engagement,
We seek in Him the One and Only Good.

Not of our own might shall this tribulation
Pass, and once more to earth be peace restored;
Not till we turn, in solemn consecration,
Wholly to Him, our One and Sovereign Lord.

EVENING BRINGS US HOME

*Evening brings us home,—
From our wanderings afar,
From our multifarious labours,
From the things that fret and jar;
From the highways and the byways,
From the hill-tops and the vales;
From the dust and heat of city street,
And the joys of lonesome trails,—
Evening brings us home at last,
To Thee.*

From plough and hoe and harrow, from the
burden of the day,
From the long and lonely furrow in the stiff re-
luctant clay,
From the meads where streams are purling,
From the moors where mists are curling,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and warmth, and Thee.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

EVENING BRINGS US HOME (continued)

From the pastures where the white lambs to their
dams are ever crying,

From the byways where the Night lambs Thy
Love are crucifying,

From the labours of the lowlands,

From the glamour of the glowlands,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To the fold, and rest, and Thee.*

From the Forests of Thy Wonder, where the
mighty giants grow,

Where we cleave Thy works asunder, and lay the
mighty low,

From the jungle and the prairie,

From the realms of fact and faerie,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and cheer, and Thee.*

From our wrestlings with the spectres of the dim
and dreary way,

From the vast heroic chances of the never-ending
fray,

From the Mount of High Endeavour,

In the hope of Thy For Ever,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To trust and peace, and Thee.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

EVENING BRINGS US HOME (continued)

From our toilings and our moilings, from the
quest of daily bread,
From the worship of our idols, and the burying
of our dead,

Like children, worn and weary
With the way so long and dreary,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and love, and Thee.*

From our journeyings oft and many over strange
and stormy seas,
From our search the wide world over for the
larger liberties,
From our labours vast and various,
With our harvestings precarious,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To safety, rest, and Thee.*

From the yet-untrodden No-Lands, where we
sought Thy secrets out,
From the blizzards of the Nightlands, and the
blazing White-Lands' drought,
From the undiscovered country
Where our IS is yet to be,—
*Evening brings us home at last,
To welcome cheer, and Thee.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

EVENING BRINGS US HOME (continued)

From the temples of our living, all empurpled
with Thy giving,
From the warp of life thick-threaded with the
gold of Thine inweaving,
From the days so full of splendour,
From the visions rare and tender,—

*Evening brings us home at last,
To quiet rest in Thee.*

From the Dim-Lands, from the Grim-Lands, from
the Lands of High Emprise,
From the Lands of Disillusion to the Truth that
never dies;

With rejoicing and with singing,
Each his rightful sheaves home-bringing,—

*Evening brings us all at last,
To Harvest-Home with Thee.*

From the fields of fiery trying, where our bravest
and our best,
By their living and their dying their souls' high
faith attest,

From these dread, red fields of sorrow,
From the fight for Thy To-morrow,—

*Evening brings each one at last,
To GOD'S own Peace in Thee.*

THE REAPER

All through the blood-red Autumn,
When the harvest came to the full;
When the days were sweet with sunshine,
And the nights were wonderful,—
The Reaper reaped without ceasing.

All through the roaring Winter,
When the skies were black with wrath,
When earth alone slept soundly,
And the seas were white with froth,—
The Reaper reaped without ceasing.

All through the quick of the Spring-time,
When the birds sang cheerily,
When the trees and the flowers were burgeoning,
And men went wearily,—
The Reaper reaped without ceasing.

All through the blazing Summer,
When the year was at its best,
When Earth, subserving God alone,
In her fairest robes was dressed,—
The Reaper reaped without ceasing.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE REAPER (continued)

So, through the Seasons' roundings,
While nature waxed and waned,
And only man by thrall of man
Was scarred and marred and stained,—
The Reaper reaped without ceasing.

How long, O Lord, shall the Reaper
Harry the growing field?
Stretch out Thy Hand and stay him,
Lest the future no fruit yield!—
*And the Gleaner find nought for His
gleaning.*

Thy Might alone can end it,—
This fratricidal strife.
Our souls are sick with the tale of death,
Redeem us back to life!—
*That the Gleaner be glad in His glean-
ing.*

NO MAN GOETH ALONE

Where one is,
There am I,—

No man goeth alone!

Though he fly to earth's remotest bound,
Though his soul in the depths of sin be
drowned,—

No man goeth alone!

Though he take him the wings of fear, and flee
Past the outermost realms of light;
Though he weave him a garment of mystery,
And hide in the womb of night,—

No man goeth alone!

Though apart in the city's heart he dwell,
Though he wander beyond the stars,
Though he bury himself in his nethermost hell,
And vanish behind the bars,—

No man goeth alone!

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

NO MAN GOETH ALONE (continued)

For I, God, am the soul of man,
And none can Me dethrone.

Where one is,
There am I,—

No man goeth alone!

ROSEMARY

Singing, she washed
Her baby's clothes,
And, one by one,
As they were done,
She hung them in the sun to dry,
She hung them on a bush hard by,
Upon a waiting bush hard by,
A glad expectant bush hard by,
To dry in the sweet of the morning.

The while, her son,
Her little son,
Lay kicking, gleeful,
In the sun,—
Her little, naked, Virgin son.

O wondrous sight! Amazing sight!—
The Lord, who did the sun create,
Lay kicking with a babe's delight,
Regardless of His low estate,
In joy of nakedness elate,
In His own sun's fair light!

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

ROSEMARY (continued)

And all the sweet, sweet, sweet of Him
Clave to the bush, and still doth cleave,
And doth forevermore outgive
The fragrant holy sweet of Him.
Where'er it thrives
That bush forthgives
The faint, rare, sacred sweet of Him.

So—ever sweet, and ever green,
Shall Rosemary be queen.

EASTER SUNDAY, 1916

The sun shone white and fair,
This Eastertide,
Yet all its sweetness seemed but to deride
Our souls' despair;
For stricken hearts, and loss and pain,
Were everywhere.

We sang our Alleluias,—

We said, "*The Christ is risen!*

From this His earthly prison,

The Christ indeed is risen.

He is gone up on high,

To the perfect peace of heaven."

Then, with a sigh,

We wondered . . .

Our minds evolved grim hordes of huns,
Our bruised hearts sank beneath the guns,
On our very souls they thundered.

Can you wonder?—Can you wonder,
That *we* wondered,

As we heard the huns' guns thunder?

That we looked in one another's eyes

And wondered,—

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

EASTER SUNDAY, 1916 (continued)

*"Is Christ indeed then risen from the dead?
Hath He not rather fled
For ever from a world where He
Meets such contumely?"*

Our hearts were sick with pain,
As they beat the sad refrain,—
*"How shall the Lord Christ come again?
How can the Lord Christ come again?
Nay,—will He come again?
Is He not surely fled
For ever from a world where He
Is still so buffeted?"*

But the day's glory all forbade
Such depth of woe. Came to our aid
The sun, the birds, the springing things,
The winging things, the singing things;
And taught us this,—

*After each Winter cometh Spring,—
God's hand is still in everything,—
His mighty purposes are sure,—
His endless love doth still endure,
And will not cease, nor know remiss,
Despite man's forfeiture.*

THE STARS' ACCUSAL

*How can the makers of unrighteous wars
Stand the accusal of the watchful stars?*

To stand—
A dust-speck, facing the infinitudes
Of Thine unfathomable dome, a night like this,—
To stand full-face to Thy High Majesties,
Thy myriad worlds in solemn watchfulness,—
*Watching, watching, watching all below,
And man in all his wilfulness for woe!*
—Dear Lord, one wonders that Thou bearest
still
With man on whom Thou didst such grace be-
stow,
And with his wilful faculty for woe!

Those sleepless sentinels! They may be worlds
All peopled like our own. But, as I stand,
They are to me the myriad eyes of God,—
*Watching, watching, watching all below,
And man in all his wilfulness for woe.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE STARS' ACCUSAL (continued)

And then—to think

What those same piercing eyes look down upon
Elsewhere on this fair earth that Thou hast
made!—

*Watching, watching, watching all below,
And man in all his wilfulness for woe.*

—On all the desolations he hath wrought,

—On all the passioned hatreds he hath taught,

—On all Thy great hopes he hath brought to
nought;—

—Man rending man with ruthless bitterness,

—Blasting Thine image into nothingness,

—Hounding Thy innocents to awful deaths,

And worse than deaths! Happy the dead, who
sped

Before the torturers their lust had fed!

—On Thy Christ crucified afresh each day,

—On all the horrors of War's grim red way.

And ever, in Thy solemn midnight skies,

Those myriad, sleepless, vast accusing eyes,—

Watching, watching, watching all below,

And man in all his wilfulness for woe.

Dear Lord!—

When in our troubled hearts we ponder this,

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE STARS' ACCUSAL (continued)

We can but wonder at Thy wrath delayed,—
We can but wonder that Thy hand is stayed,—
We can but wonder at Thy sufferance
Of man, whom Thou in Thine own image made,
When he that image doth so sore degrade!

If Thou shouldst blot us out without a word,
Our stricken souls must say we had incurred
Just punishment.
Warnings we lacked not, warnings oft and clear,
But in our arrogance we gave no ear
To Thine admonishment.
And yet,—and yet! O Lord, we humbly pray,—
Put back again Thy righteous Judgment Day!
Have patience with us yet a while, until
Through these our sufferings we learn Thy Will.

NO PEACE BUT A RIGHT PEACE

An inconclusive peace!—
A peace that would be no peace—
Naught but a treacherous truce for breeding
Of a later, greater, baser-still betrayal!—
“No!” . . .
The spirits of our myriad valiant dead,
Who died to make peace sure and life secure,
Thunder one mighty cry of righteous indigna-
tion,—
One vast imperative, unanswerable “No!” . . .
“Not for that, not for that, did we die!”—
They cry;—
“—To give fresh life to godless knavery!
—To forge again the chains of slavery
Such as humanity has never known!
We gave our lives to set Life free,
Loyally, willingly gave we,
Lest on our children, and on theirs,
Should come like misery.
And now, from our souls’ heights and depths,
We cry to you,—“Beware,

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

NO PEACE BUT A RIGHT PEACE (continued)

Lest you defraud us of one smallest atom of the
price

Of this our sacrifice!

One fraction less than that full liberty,
Which comes of righteous and enduring peace,
Will be betrayal of your trust,—
Betrayal of your race, the world, and God.”

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

IN CHURCH. 1916

Where are all the *young* men?
There are only grey-heads here.
What has become of the *young* men?

This is the young men's year!

They are gone, one and all, at duty's call,
To the camp, to the trench, to the sea.
They have left their homes, they have left their
all,

And now, in ways heroical,—

They are making history.

From bank and shop, from bench and mill,
From the schools, from the tail of the plough,
They hurried away at the call of the fray,
They could not linger a day, and now,—

They are making history.

And we miss them sorely, as we look
At the seats where they used to be,
And try to picture them as they are,—
Then hastily drop the veil:—for, you see,—

They are making history.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

IN CHURCH. 1916 (continued)

And history, in these dread days,
Is sore sore sad in the making;
We are building the future with our dead,
We are binding it sure with the brave blood shed,
Though our hearts are well-nigh breaking.
We can but pray that the coming day
Will reap, of our red sowing,
The harvest meet of a world complete
With the peace of God's bestowing.
So, with quiet heart, we do our part
In the travail of this mystery,
We give of our best, and we leave the rest
To Him Who maketh history.

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

*Some Hymns of Thanksgiving,
Praise, and Petition for use at The
Coming Peace which, please God,
cannot now be long delayed.*



THE KING'S HIGH WAY

TE DEUM

We thank Thee, O our God, for this
Long fought-for, hoped-for, prayed-for peace;
Thou dost cast down, and Thou upraise,
Thy hand doth order all our ways.

Lift all our hearts to nobler life,
For ever freed from fear of strife;
Let all men everywhere in Thee
Possess their souls in liberty.

Safe in Thy Love we leave our dead;
Heal all the wounds that war has made.
And help us to uproot each wrong,
Which still among us waxeth strong.

Break all the bars that hold apart
All men of nobler mind and heart;
Let all men find alone in Thee
Their one and only sovereignty!

TUNE—*Old Hundredth.*

THROUGH ME ONLY

Out of all the reek and turmoil
Of the dreadful battle-plain,
Came a voice insistent, calling,
Calling, calling, but in vain;—
 "Through Me only
Shall the world have peace again."

But our hearts were too sore-burdened,
Fighting foes and fighting pain,
And we heeded not the clear voice,
Calling, calling all in vain;—
 "Through Me only
Shall the world have peace again."

Now, at last, the warfare ended,
Dead the passion, loosed the strain,
Louder still that voice is calling;
Shall it call and call in vain?
 "Through Me only
Shall the world have peace again."

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THROUGH ME ONLY (continued)

Now we hear it; now we hearken,
In the silence of our slain,
Broken hearts new homes would build them
Of the fragments that remain.

*"Through Me only
Shall the world have peace again."*

Lord, we know it by our sorrows,
Might of man can ne'er attain
That Thou givest. Now we offer
Thee the Kingship. Come and reign!
Through Thee only
Shall our loss be turned to gain.

Show us, Lord, all Thou would'st have us
Do to garner all Thy grain.
Thy deep ploughing, Thy sure sowing
Richest harvest shall obtain.
Only come Thou,
Come and dwell with us again!

TUNE—*Abbeycombe.*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

PRINCE OF PEACE

O Thou who standest both for God and Man,
O King of Kings, who wore no earthly crown,
O Prince of Peace, unto Thy feet we come,
And lay our burden down.

The weight had grown beyond our strength to
bear,
Thy Love alone the woful thrall can break,
Thy Love, reborn into this world of care,
Alone can life remake.

How shall we turn to good this weight of ill?
How of our sorrows build anew to Thee?
"Of your own selves ye cannot stand or build,—
Only through *Me*,—through
Me!"

O, turn once more to Thee the hearts of men,
Work through the leaven of our grief and pain,
Let not these agonies be all in vain,

Come, dwell with us again!

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

PRINCE OF PEACE (continued)

The world has nailed itself unto its cross;
O, tender to Thy hands its heart will prove,
For Thou alone canst heal its dreadful loss,—
Come Thou and reign in
love!

Peace and the sword, Lord, Thou didst come to
bring;
Too long the sword has drunk to Thy decrease.
Come now, by this high way of suffering,
And reign, O Prince of
Peace!

TUNE—*Artavia.*

*"And didst Thou love the race that loved not
Thee?"*

THE WINNOWING

Lord, Thou hast stricken us, smitten us sore,
Winnowed us fine on the dread threshing-floor.

“Had I not reason?—far
you had strayed,

Vain was My calling, you
would not be stayed.”

Low in the dust, Lord, our hearts now are bowed,
Roughly Thy share through our boasting has
ploughed.

“So as My ploughing pre-
pares for the seed,

So shall the harvest our
best hopes exceed.”

Lord, we have lost of our dearest and best,
Flung to the void and cast out to the waste.

“Nay then, not one of them
fell from My hand,

Here at My side in their
glory they stand.”

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

THE WINNOWING (continued)

How shall we start, Lord, to build life again,
Fairer and sweeter, and freed from its pain?

“Build ye in Me and your
building shall be
Built for Time and Eter-
nity.”

TUNE—*Theodora.*

“Rest of the weary, joy of the sad.”

TO THIS END

And hast Thou help for such as me,
Sin-weary, stained, forlorn?

*"Yea then,—if not for such as thee
To what end was I born?"*

But I have strayed so far away,
So oft forgotten Thee.

*"No smallest thing that thou hast done
But was all known to Me."*

And I have followed other gods,
And brought Thy name to scorn.

*"It was to win thee back from them
I wore the crown of thorn."*

And, spite of all, Thou canst forgive,
And still attend my cry?

*"Dear heart, for this end I did live,
To this end did I die."*

And if I fall away again,
And bring Thy Love to shame?

*"I'll find thee out where'er thou art,
And still thy love will claim."*

THE KING'S HIGH WAY

TO THIS END (continued)

All this for me, whose constant lack
Doth cause Thee constant pain?

*"For this I lived, for this I died,
For this I live again."*

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Is the light for ever failing?
God's in His heaven!
Is the faint heart ever quailing?
God's in His heaven!
God's strong arms are all around you,
In the dark He sought and found you.
All's well! All's well!
All's . . . well!



Is the future black with sorrow?
God's in His heaven!
Do you dread each dark to-morrow?
God's in His heaven!
Nought can come without His knowing,
Come what may 'tis His bestowing.
All's well! All's well!
All's . . . well!

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